THE CALEDONIAN,
PUBLISHED BY
RAND, STONE & CO.
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

TERMS.

One copy per annum, ... $1.50.
If not paid within the year, ... 2.00.
☞ The Caledonian is sent FREE OF POSTAGE to all subscribers in Caledonia County.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per Square, (of 15 lines), 3 insertions, . . $1 00
For each subsequent insertion, ... 15c.
Business Cards of 5 lines or less, per annum, $4 00
☞ Advertisements inserted till forbid (tf) unless otherwise ordered.

The Caledonian.

VOL. 19--NO. 35. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856. WHOLE NO. 971.

Caledonian Job Office.

Increased facilities are now offered at the Caledonian Job Office for those who wish for

Handbills,	Auction Bills,
Concert Bills,	Orders of Exercises for Schools & Academies,
" Programmes,	
Envelopes,	Bill Heads,
Blanks,	Business Cards,
Blank Notes,	Circulars, &c., &c.
Labels,	

☞ All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. RAND, STONE & CO.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

From the Boston Traveller.

Oh, the time is sweet when roses meet
With Spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the time when hearts are lost,
If those who love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still may find
A star in darkest weather—
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to spread it;
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing did not heed it—
Though grey each brow that heed- us now,
(For age brings wintry weather,)
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together.

The few long known whom friends have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face bad weather—
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together.

THE SLAVE TRAGEDY AT CINCINNATI.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Bright the Sabbath sun is shinning through the clear and frosty air,
Solemnly the bells are calling to the house of praise and prayer;
And what hearts devout and holy, thither many wend their way,
To renew to God their pledges;——but I cannot go today.

For my soul is sick and saddened with that fearful tale of woe,
Which has blanched the cheeks of mothers to the whiteness of the snow.
And my thoughts are wandering ever where the prison walls surround,
The parents and their children, in hopeless bondage bound.

Oh, thou mother, maddened, frenzied, when the hunter's toils ensnared
Thee and thy brood of nestlings, till thy anguish spirit dared
Send to God, uncalled, one darling life that round thine own did twine—
Worthy of a Spartan mother was that fearful deed of thine

Worthy of a Roman father, who sheathed deep his flashing knife
In the bosom of Virginia, in the current of her life!
Who, rather than his beauteous child should live a tyrant's slave,
Open the way to freedom through the portals of the grave!

Well I know no stronger yearning than a mother's love can be—
I could do and dare forever for the bade upon my knee!
And I feel no deeper sorrow could the light of life eclipse,
Then to see death's shadow settle on its brow and fixed lips.

Yet, (oh, God of Heaven, forgive me!) baby sitting on my knee,
I could close thy blue eyes calmly, smiling now so sweet on me!
Ay, my hand could ope the casket, and thy precious soul set free:
Better for thee death and Heaven, than a life of slavery!

And before the Judge Eternal, this should be my anguished plea:
"They would rob my child of Manhood; so, uncalled, I sent Thee!
"Hope, and Love, and Joy, and Knowledge, and her every Right they crave;
"So I give her what I left her—her inheritance—the grave"

An! the Lord would judge between us, oh ye men of stony heart!
Even 'gainst the strong and mighty, for the weak He taketh part;
Think ye, hunters of His children, bowed beneath your iron rod,
With your heel upon their heart-pulse, this ye do unto your God!

But the day of vengeance cometh—He will get his people free,
Though He lead them, like his Israel, through a red and bloody sea;
For the tears and gore of bondmen, staining deep the frighted sod,
And the wailing cry of millions riseth daily up to God!

Auburn, N. Y., Sunday, Feb. 3, 1856.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The Philadelphia Ledger, which abounds in sound practical philosophy in its brief and pithy editorials, has the following:

A fashionable dry goods dealer advertises a lace scarf worth fifteen hundred dollars. — Another has a bridal dress for which he asks twelve hundred. Bonnets at two hundred dollars are not unfrequently sold. Cashmeres from three hundred dollars upwards are seen by dozens in a walk along Broadway. A hundred dollars is quite a common price for a silk gown. In a word, extravagance in dress has reached a height which would have frightened our prudent grandmothers and appalled their husbands. A fashionable lady spends annually on her milliner, mantua-maker and lace dealer a sum that would have supported an entire household, even in her own rank of life, in the days of Mrs. Washington. A thousand dollars a year is considered, we are told, quite a narrow income for such purposes among those pretending 'to be in society' in some of our cities. Add to this the expenditure for opera tickets, for a summer trip to the Springs, and for a score of little inevitable *et ceteras*, and the reader gets some idea of the comparatively wanton waste of money, carried on year after year, by thousands, if not tens of thousands of American women.

And for what end? Do these human butterflies improve their intellect, enlarge their culture, or elevate their characters, by this spendthrift system? On the contrary they deteriorate all. Do they bestow additional happiness on their husbands and fathers? — The very reverse; for to sustain these extravagances, the husband or father, as the case may be, toils late and early, consumes his health, and is often driven into wild speculations that end in utter ruin. Do they win the approval of the other sex? Never was the esteem of any worthy man secured by a costly, reckless style of dress. All that this perilous extravagance effects is to gratify miserable, personal vanity. The fostering of one of the most petty of human vices is the only result of these spendthrift habits. Mrs. Potiphar plumes herself on having outshone her rival in laces, at some grand *soiree*, or in having worn more jewells; and that is the single, barren harvest which she reaps by the expenditure of thousands. Can the pampering of such vanity benefit her or others? Alas! the women who live for such triumphs as these, whose whole souls are given to diamonds and dress, are little fitted to be wives or mothers, to be companions for men or educators of children. When the Roman matrons sunk to a similar condition, Rome began, from that hour, to decline.

Fortunately for our county, however, such painted triflers form but a small minority of the women of America. Unfortunately, however, their influence on society is greater than their numbers, for to their extravagance and vanity is united a presumption which asserts for themselves, socially, a superiority over the rest of their country women: and this superiority, so undeserved, is conceded to them, partly because of their claim to it, and partly because of their apparent wealth. They are thus enabled practically to give a tone to society at large. In city circles less ostentatious, in country villages, and even in western farmhouses, their extravagance and vanity is copied, till in half the families in the land females spend upon their dress more than they can afford. With too many, happily we need not say with all, adorning the person takes the place of mental culture. To be showily dressed is often considered of more moment than to be graceful, amiable and intelligent. Where will all this end? If this continues for another generation, where will we be?

The Caledonian.

[For The Caledonian.]

CHRISTINE:

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By Julia Hawthorne.

CHAPTER II.

The occupants of the carriage which passed Albertine at the fountain, were Alphonso Dacourt and his young bride.

Dacourt was one of a wealthy firm of publishers and booksellers in Paris. He had lived long in a foreign land, whence he had just returned, in consequence of the death of an acting partner, bringing with him a fair English bride.

They were taking a drive in the beautiful environs of the city, when the little scene occurred which we have already related. Madame Dacourt was perplexed and troubled by the hatred with which she saw the rich almost universally regarded by the poor in these revolutionary times; and the exhibition of it which she had just witnessed checked her mirth, and saddened her with the thought that she too, and the husband she loved might be drawn into the troubled tide which was overwhelming with its foaming waves all things old and established, and drowning all other sounds with its angry roar.

Her husband noticed the change in her manner, and the subdued tones of her voice, and by additional tenderness and gaiety, sought to dispel the shadow which had come over her spirits, although she, unwilling to cloud the day's enjoyment by forebodings of evil, said nothing of the cause. She felt the delicacy of these efforts on the part of her husband, and for his sake strove to banish the thoughts that disturbed her. She joined in the lively conversation with a cheerfulness assumed at first, but which soon became so real, that, before they reached home, she had quite forgotten both her sadness and the incident that caused it.

The carriage stopped before a handsome dwelling in the Rue St. Martin. Dacourt assisted his wife to alight, and she ran gaily up the marble steps, while he lingered a moment to give some directions to his servant. It was a luxurious abode to which Dacourt had introduced his young wife. Parisian taste and elegance, united with the substantial comforts of an English home, made it all that could be desired: for he had lived long enough in England to appreciate the domestic enjoyments which his countrymen so frequently do without; and as Madame Dacourt sought her own room, she felt that she was blest above measure in the possession of such a husband and such a home.

She put aside the heavy curtains, and sat down on a rich ottoman by the window, while she drew off her gloves and untied her hat. Very beautiful she looked as she sat there, the crimson curtains reflecting their blush on cheek and lip, and the rich sunlight falling on her hair, converting it into gleaming gold. Her husband thought she had never looked half so lovely, and he had never felt so proud and happy, as when he paused on the threshhold to gaze on her. The next moment he had lifted the little hat that sat so becomingly upon her head, and laid it aside, and stood pressing the beautiful head to his heart. As he stooped to kiss her smooth, bright forehead, she playfully wound her fingers in his hair, and lifted one of her own sunny curls, to contrast it with the locks which had once been jetty black, but were now thickly sown with silver. He laughed as he released himself from her hold, and threw the hair from a brow whose deep lines hinted that it might have been sorrow, rather than age, which had robbed him of his youth.

"Now tell me, dearest, why you were a little sad this afternoon. Does my bird pine for her English home?'

O, no, Alphonse. Henceforth it is only home where my husband is. Indeed, I do not think I was *sad*; only a little thoughtful."

"Now, my little Louise, I protest against your burdening this poor head with such weighty thoughts in future. You remember, do you not, that you were to be the sunshine of our home? One shadow is enough," he added, half gaily, half sadly, as he passed his hand over his cheeks and brow, and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Yes, yes, I remember," said she, smiling. "But seriously, Alphonse, does not the spirit of defiance and hatred, which these people constantly manifest, trouble you? You saw that woman, who refused your gift so scornfully? Her looks fairly terrified me."

"No, I did not see her. At least, I did not notice her at all, as anything but a common street beggar."

"She was no common beggar—I am sure of it; and, though I know it is folly to think that this woman could be anything to us, I cannot quite rid myself of the impression that there was something in the incident ominous of evil."

"O, nonsense, my dear! my poor countrymen are excitable and violent, but they are so easily influenced, that a word will sometimes check them, when most bent on mischief. I trust to this variableness of temperament to save them from crime."

"I hope your confidence is well grounded, dear Alphonse. God grant that those who would influence your countrymen to do evil, be not stronger than those who would restrain them."

"Amen, I say. So do not let these things disturb you longer. I, certainly, would not have brought you from the security of your peaceful country, if I had not deemed that a life in Paris would be perfectly safe even amid the turmoil and troubles which prevail."

Louise allowed herself to be reassured by the confident words of her husband, for his tones were very kind and persuasive, and he stood all this time folding her head to his heart. She sat, with her face to the window, which opened on the street. The various figures passing and repassing, now hurrying on, and now stopping to salute acquaintances, all seemed to mingle together, and move dreamily before her eyes, as she listened, and her thoughts withdrew from the outward to the inner life of peace and confidence, rest and strength, which the love of her husband had opened to her. She felt how blessed it was to sit there, leaning against his breast, and feel the strong beating of his heart, and the loving pressure of his hand upon her head—she felt what joy it was to make him forget his early sorrows, and grow young and gay again.

Suddenly, she started up.

"There she is now! Look, Alphonse!"—and she pointed out the figure of Albertine, who was at that moment wending her way amongst the crowd. He followed the direction of her finger, and just then Albertine turned her head, so that the light fell full on her face. Louise did not see her husband change countenance, but she felt the sudden tremor of his frame, as he drew her, with an almost convulsive clasp, to his bosom.

What was there in that forlorn, degraded woman's look, that should make the strong man tremble, and clasp closer his heart's treasure, as if he feared that some spirit of evil was about to deprive him of it? Possibly he shuddered to think of the fearful depth to which woman *can* fall—or perhaps he felt an irresistible impulse to make the distance greater between that fallen one and his own pure, lovely Louise. But whatever might have been his thought, he recovered his self possession in a moment, and drew his wife away from the window, saying, in a voice which did not tremble in the least, tho' his words were very low, as if he were half afraid to trust himself to speak—

"Come, *ma chere*, let us go to the parlor, and have some music; and think no more of this matter."

Louise sat down to her harp, and played and sang till supper was announced. She had not before noticed Alphonse particularly, but she now thought his face was a shade paler, and his smile less cheerful than usual, and she mentally reproached herself for having drawn him into an unpleasant conversation.

CHAPTER III.

Marat had calculated well the measure of his power over the people. When Antoine, the printer's boy, came in the morning for the manuscript, he carried away a firebrand, that was to light up a flame in Paris, which all the eloquence, and all the decrees of the French legislators could not quench.

No sooner was his journal in the hands of the people, than his words began to take effect. In the *cafes*, the *Champs de Mars*, along the *boulevards*, and in all the places of public resort, "Down with the priests!" was the cry; and this cry was caught up, and echoed by market women, by boys, and even by children in their mothers' arms. Each day, as the subject was held up to them in new forms of bitter words, their cry became louder, and the mutterings of vengeance more distinct.

As Marat noted the ripening of men's minds for the occasion, his purpose began to reveal itself, and to take shape and life.—The convent of St. Marie was pointed out as a prison, where large numbers of nuns were kept in involuntary durance; and men were asked "if they who had thrown open the gates of the Bastile, and set its inmates free, would suffer air women and innocent children to be held at the mercy of the priests, even at the gates of Paris?" He seldom showed himself in the streets, but he had a faithful reporter in Albertine, who went daily to those places of resort where she was most likely to hear thes things discussed. But when Marat *did* go out and mingle with the crowd, their enthusiasm knew no limits. He was the idol of the mob, and though he despised their worship, he flattered them by receiving it.

One day he went abroad, and after spending several hours in the public places, he returned, just before nightfall, in high spirits.

"Everything is ready," he said, as he descended the stairs, "thousands are already collected in the *Champs de Mars*, and the crowd is swelling every instant. Now, Bertie, for thy revenge. The walls of St. Marie will not stand till midnight."

"Ay, so far thou hast performed thy promise well—but for the rest—"

"Never fear. When was Marat defeated in his purposes? But how shall I know this child of thine?"

"She is like me, I think—or like what I was!" she added, bitterly.

"Nay, Bertie, I may not have time to note the different shades of beauty I shall doubtless meet with," said he, with a coarse laugh.

"O, I bethink me. She wears a bracelet. I saw it on her wrist that day. I bought it on her birth day and clasped it on her arm.—The clasp has a curious device. A serpent is coiled round a hand that seems to caress it, while the head is raised, in the attitude of striking the hand with its fangs."

"Very significant. Thou shouldst have worn it thyself, Bertie."

"Thou art merry to-night, Marat."

"Ay, a merry work I have before me.—Let me have some wine now, and then I must away."

He poured out glass after glass, which he drained at a draught, till the bottle was empty; and then, his brain heated with wine and excitement, he went to join the mob.

All was hushed and quiet within the walls of St Marie. The vesper hour had passed, and the nuns and their *pensionnaires*, or scholars, had retired; the latter to the large dormitories, the former to their narrow cells. Most of them had performed the simple duties of the day cheerfully, and after telling their beads, had lain quietly down on their hard beds, and slept soundly.

But there was one cell whose inmates still waked. It had two occupants, though, save the large dormitories for the young girls, it was the only sleeping apartment that had more than a solitary lodger. The little Christine had been sent to the convent at a very early age, and placed under the guardianship of Sister Ursule. During the first years of her convent life, the tender age and delicate health of the child induced the Superior to depart a little from the usual order of the establishment, and allow Sister Ursule to place Christine's bed in her own cell, that she might be constantly under her watchful care. This arrangement had been the very sunlight of Ursule's life. It was so sweet to sit by the little bed, and listen to the simple prattle of the child; or to feel the soft arms round her neck, and the good-night kisses on her cheek.

Little Christine loved the guardian sister with her whole heart. The convent was her world, and Ursule the only being in it to whom she could talk freely. She filled the place of mother, sister, and friend. True, she liked the scholars, and enjoyed the sports in the garden, with which they were indulged: but the call to study or work was always welcome, for then she could sit down by her best friend, who always smiled upon her so sweetly, or spoke to her so gently. But the best of all, was when the signal was given for retiring. When they were alone together, she could give way to all her native gaiety, without fear of reproof; or she would sit in Ursule's lap, her feet snugly wrapped in her snowy night robe, her arms round Ursule's neck, and her head nestled close in her bosom, and listen to the stories, of which the memory of her guardian seemed to yield an exhaustless store. When her eyelids began to droop, and her arms relaxed their hold, she was laid gently upon the bed, and very soon her quiet breathing told of childhood's blessed sleep.

Christine little dreamed that the strong love which existed between them, was the cause of long hours of penance to Sister Ursule, who wore the black veil—a sign that she was dead to the world and wedded to her God. Poor Ursule! what was human love to her? Even the yearnings of her heart over her young charge she counted as sin, for they relieved the austerity of life which her vows imposed upon her; and she kept weary vigils to expiate the crimes which she could not bring her her heart to renounce.—Sometimes, by fasting, she inflicted suffering on herself, and sometimes by watching and prayer; often kneeling the whole night on the cold stone floor, counting her beads, and repeating her Ave Marias.

But Christine had now arrived at an age when it was thought unnecessary to continue the indulgence of her desire to remain with Ursule, and the latter had that day received an order from the Superior to remove Christine's bed the next day to the dormitories of the *pensionnaires*.

When told that it was the last night they could spend together, the child burst into a passion of tears, and throwing her arms round Ursule's neck, begged her not to let them take her away. Her friend tried to comfort her, but she would not listen.

"Oh! Sister Ursule, what shall I do without thee!" she kept constantly repeating, till the good sister took her in her arms, and begged her not to waste the last hours of their privacy in this fruitless manner, but to sit down by her and talk, for she had much to say. This calmed her, and she obeyed. She sat down on her bed, and laid her head on Ursule's bosom.

"Now, you must tell me everything, *ma chere seur*," said she, trying all the while to stifle the sobs, which would burst up in spite of her efforts.

Were there not some pitying spirits, looking down upon the two as they sat there so lovingly, each feeling that the brightest hour in her monotonous life was about to be totally darkened?

"What shall I tell thee, my poor child?" asked Ursule, tenderly. Christine was silent a moment, and then said, hesitatingly, "Will you not tell me about *myself*, sister Ursule? Why have *I* not parents and friends, like the other *pensionnaires*? and why does no one ever take *me* to spend the holidays?"

"My dear child, do not ask me to tell thee. Am I not thy sister, and is not *La Superieure* thy mother?"

"No, Ursule, I remember—yes, I think I remember, but you can tell me if it is all a dream—I must have been a very little child, but I *think* I had a mother, and she had long dark curls, like mine; and I used to sit on her lap, as I do on yours; and she kissed me sometimes. I had a father, too, I think, and he used to put his hand on my head, and call me '*ma petite*!' I seem, too, to remember a large, light room, with pretty curtains, and carpet, and pictures. Then, I do not know how, but it all fades away like a dream."

"But why hast thou never told me this before, Christine? I supposed thou hadst no secret thought."

"Was it wrong not to tell, sister Ursule? It was such a beautiful thing to remember, and I was afraid I should forget it, if I told you. I feared, if we talked about it, that I should not be able to tell after a little, how much I remembered myself, and how much you had told me. I feared, too, you would say it was all a dream. Now will you not tell me?"

"Thou wouldst not be happier for knowing, my poor child. Thou hast remembered well, but thou hast no home nor parents now. Be content to know thus far. When thou art older, thou wilt be a nun, and wilt not need parents, or friends."

"Yes, I must be a nun, that I may live with you; but, Sister Ursula, would it not be beautiful if we could live together in that pleasant room which I remember, with the large windows, and bright curtains? I am glad I have told you, but I have so loved to think of it—and I thought that perhaps I might one day see the same again. Oh, Sister Ursule, I do wish I had a father and mother, like the other *pensionnaires*," and her eyes filled with tears again, and her lips quivered.

O Memory! strange, wonderful Memory! how art thou abused by the most of men!—They call thee treacherous—they call thee weak; but when didst thou e'er betray the trust reposed in thee? When didst thou lose sight of the treasures committed to thy keeping? They may be laid away, and heaps of rubbish may hide them from the careless search, but Memory guards them still, ready to start forth at her bidding when the soul needs them.

They were sitting thus together, while sleep wrapped the inmates of those long rows of cells in his dark mantle, and drew its curtains gently round the careless, happy girls, whose beds stood side by side, with only the snowy hangings between—they were sitting thus together, when there came to their ears a low sound. At first they could not tell whether it was within or without the walls; but it gradually grew more distinct, and the muffled sound of voices might be distinguished, then the tramp of a multitude of feet; and all swelling and mingling together as it drew nearer. Soon loud shouts were heard, and then angry voices under the very walls; and the light of torches flashed up through the window, throwing the shadow of its iron grate on the whitewashed ceiling; and the clang of weapons was heard, and heavy blows upon the gate, that threatened its speedy destruction.

At the first unwonted sound, Ursule had risen to her feet, and with Christine clasped closely to her side, stood in the attitude of listening—her head bent forward, her unbound hair falling about her shoulders, and her features, which habit had made as placid as if emotions and passions had formed no part of her nature, now strained with wonder, and wild with fear.

Suddenly, the convent bell, unused but to note the hours of prayer, rang out, with rapid and unequal strokes, a loud alarm.

Ursule grasped the arm of Christine and rushed into the passage. In another moment all was wild commotion. Screaming children clung to terrified, half clothed women, as helpless as themselves, and fled along the passages. The unwonted noise without, and the darkness within, made the confusion complete. Nuns lighted their tapers, but they were extinguished by the sudden clapping of doors, or the hurry of those who carried them.

The blows upon the iron gate were continued with renewed force, and now it gave way, and with a crash, and with loud cheers, a crowd of assailants passed in over the prostrate barrier, and pressed their attacks upon the doors. "Down with the priests and their power," was the cry which came up through the open window from hundreds of throats, and at every cry, the ponderous metal rang with the strokes of axes. But now, a door opens on one of the passages, and the venerable mother superior appears, leaning on her staff, and followed by the next in office carrying a candle in her hand and a large bunch of keys at the girdle. They were greeted with an exclamation of joy, and the nuns ran to kiss the hands of *La Seur Superieure*.

"To the garden, my children, and be perfectly silent," was the order, given by the sister who carried the keys, and then, preceding them all, she unlocked the door, and waited till they had passed out, then, following, she carefully locked it behind her.

Once in the garden, they all sought hiding places, as best they might. Some crept under rose bushes, some concealed themselves with the boughs of the low cedars, others crowded behind the vines which were trained to the walls. Ursule, still holding fast her young charge, glided along a winding alley, till she reached a arbor, which she entered, and placing Christine in the darkest corner, she took a crucifix from her bosom, and kneeling before it, she bent her head in prayer.

In the meantime, the door had given way, and the mob had penetrated to the interior of the building. They filled the rooms, they elbowed each other in the narrow passages, with coarse laugh and jest they peered into deserted cloisters, and no nook so secret as to escape the search for the fugitives.

"The nuns have escaped. The priests have concealed them. Let us search the vaults," cried a hideous looking woman, who seemed to be a leader of a part of the mob, composed of men and women of the very lowest grade in Paris. "Hunt out the priests but do not harm the nuns," cried another leader, whose mask of humanity was not quite blotted out.

"To the chapel," said another. "That is the place for frightened women — under the wing of the virgin and the protection of the priests."

A loud laugh greeted the last speaker, and thus encouraged, he held his torch above his head, and led the way. The crowd followed, pushing tumultuously forward, till a door impeded their way, then receding, they trampled each other in the backward movement, and oaths and curses rose above the din of voices. But the grated doors offered little resistance to the vigorous blows they dealt, and sooner than all this can be written, the chapel stood open before them.

The high walls were hung with pictures but the gilded frames alone gave back the rays of the few candles that were burning before the altar. But where were the nuns they had expected to see? Not there. Before the image of the virgin, knelt the venerable confessor, the only living thing that met their gaze.

For a little space, the fierce multitude was awed and silenced by the unexpected sight of that kneeling, grey old man. This hesitation inspired him with a little hope, and rising, he spread out his arms towards them and began to speak. This movement destroyed the charm, and rushing forward, with loud imprecations, they seized and threw him on the stone floor. He begged — not for life, but, that he might die at the foot of the altar. — But even this poor boon was denied him. — Cords were brought, his hands were firmly bound, and he was given over to the tender mercies of those ferocious women, who, thro' all the horrors of the revolution, identified themselves with its bloody work, to be conducted to the prison of the Abbey.

While this was transpiring, a few men who had joined the mob rather from curiosity than fanaticism, and who, seeing the excessive violence of the people, feared it might result in harm to the innocent women and children, determined if possible to save them.

While the crowd were ransacking the building, they had ascertained by scaling the garden walls with ladders of rope, that the nuns and their scholars were in the garden. Accordingly, fixing their ladders, one of their number descended quietly, and striding thro' the alleys, and pausing before the dark clumps of shrubbery, he proclaimed in a low, clear voice the way of escape. As the trembling fugitives issued from their hiding places, he directed them to that part of the garden where the ladders were prepared. Another assisted them to mount, and in a very short space of time they were safely without the walls, and flying for safety to the neighboring fields and villas.

Sister Ursule was still repeating her prayers, when the voice of the deliverer was heard at the entrance of the arbor. She sprang to her feet, seized the hand of Christine and hurried her along in the direction pointed out. Arrived at the ladder, she handed up Christine, and as soon as she disappeared over the top, ascended herself. She reached the summit of the wall just in time to see her little charge received into the arms of a man, who clasped her closely and rushed away into the darkness. She saw the imploring gesture, and heard the smothered scream of her darling, but the next moment, she was lost to sight and hearing. Beside herself, Ursule would have run frantically after her, but the nuns held her back, and obliged her to follow them.

When the mob had amused themselves awhile by tearing down the drapery of the altar, breaking pictures, and otherwise marring the beautiful chapel, they proceeded to the garden, where one of them presently discovered the ladder, and proclaimed the fact that they were cheated of their prey.

Disappointed again, the crowd swayed to and fro without any apparent purpose, till the female leader, of whom we spoke in mere wantonness, seized a torch and set fire to the curtains of one of the children's beds. The flames spread with terrible rapidity, till the whole interior of the building was one roaring mass.

The red lurid glare lit on wild, demon like figures, as with frantic shouts and gestures they danced before the blazing pile. But as the flames gradually died away, leaving only the tottering walls, the multitude, wearied with excitement, at length turned their steps towards the city, where they quietly dispersed.

These few short hours had sufficed to work the ruin of one of the fairest convents in all France, and scatter its inmates far and wide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

——Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor beggar, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same blood swells all veins. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be had for nothing in this world. Genius, beauty, and love, are not to be bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, but not a pearl throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked, and goes out naked: the difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for the shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again to dust.

[From the North Star.]

THE SHIRE QUESTION --- LETTER FROM JUDGE POLAND.

To the People of Caledonia County:

During a short adjourned session of the County Court holden at Danville the present week, the Judges of the Court were waited upon by a committee appointed by a public meeting holden at Danville on the 30th ult., and by said committee were presented with the official proceedings of that meeting, and also with petitions signed by a considerable number of citizens of this county, praying the judges to suspend all action toward the erection of county buildings, under the act of the last legislature removing the shire from Danville to St. Johnsbury.

Inasmuch as we cannot comply with the request of these petitioners, and of this meeting, it seems proper that we should in some way make public the reasons why we feel bound to refuse, and as these documents were handed to us at a late period in our term and in a private manner, so that no opportunity was then afforded for a public reply, we have chosen to make our answer through the public press. We learn from the *proceedings* of this meeting, that Hon Theron Howard of Danville read an address before the meeting, which was by vote ordered to be published, and this public address we have also seen, and it may doubtless be regarded as adopted by and expressing the sentiments of the meeting.

The act providing for the removal of the shire among other things provides "that the Judges of the Caledonia County Court shall, upon being certified of the location by the committee, *immediately* proceed to erect county buildings," &c. The avowed purpose and object of this meeting was to stay the erection of any county buildings at St Johnsbury, by the Judges, under this law; or in plain language, in some way to defeat and override an express act of the Legislature of the State.

The united and concentrated wisdom of this large meeting seems to have been unable to devise any other practicable mode of accomplishing this design, except that of inducing the judges, who are expressly charged with the duty of erecting the new buildings, and that *immediately*, to disregard and violate the law. The prayer of these petitions is to this effect, and one of the resolutions of the meeting extends to us their unanimous request that we should take upon us the modest duty of nullifying the law on this subject. Another of these resolutions declares that these petitions, so numerously signed, are entitled to weight and consideration; but the writer of the resolution, whoever he may be, seems to have felt such a sense of the impropriety of the request, that he omitted to say that we ought to comply with it.

In relation to the right of mere executive officers taking it upon themselves to decide whether they will, or will not execute a public law of the State, according to their own views, or those of other people, as to the propriety and wisdom of the law itself, I shall have a few words to say hereafter; but for the present, waiving that consideration, and granting that we may properly go behind the law itself to find reasons for disobeying it, I will proceed to consider shortly some of the grounds upon which this meeting and these petitioners justify themselves, and would leave us to stand, in refusing to execute this law.

It was resolved by this meeting that the act of removal, and the subsequent action thereon, was an outrage upon the views and wishes of a large majority of the legal voters of the county,"—upon what ground, and for what reason, they have not seen fit to inform us. They give no reason, why the act was not right and just in itself, nor do they allege that there was anything improper in the manner of its procurement. It is certainly pretty bold ground to assume that the act was passed *contrary* to the views and wishes of a great majority of the people of the county, when it is known that both of the senators from this county and eleven out of fourteen of the representatives of the county voted in favor of the passage of the act. Do the persons who composed this meeting assume to understand the views and wishes of the constituents of these gentlemen, better than they did themselves? Or will they claim that any of these gentlemen purposely violated the wishes of their constituents on this subject? Either of these suppositions is not very complimentary to the intelligence and integrity of these representatives, or to the modesty of the meeting. It may be inferred from the language of one of the resolutions of this meeting that they did not consider that this subject was *fairly* determined by the legislature last Fall. As they say, they wish an opportunity to have it *fairly* heard and acted upon next Fall. This same idea is somewhat more fully developed in Mr. Howard's address, and although not directly alleged, still the inference is carried that the attempt to remove the shire from Danville prior to this of last Fall, I have no personal knowledge, and can only say that if this address is not more truthful as to those, than it is in relation to the occurrences last Fall, it is a very fabulous piece of history.

But is it true that this act of removal was passed, either so secretly, or hastily, that all who desired to oppose it did not have a fair and ample opportunity to do so? A short reference to the history of the act of last Fall will best answer this charge. In the first place, notice was duly published in each of the newspapers of the county weeks before the session of the legislature, that such a bill would be presented. The bill for removal was introduced into both branches of the legislature within the first three days of the session, and noticed in the published proceedings of the legislature in all the newspapers of the State. The North Star in its next issue, published the bill at length, and at the same time took care to awaken the attention of its readers to the fact that the bill proposed to raise a tax to erect the buildings if it became a law. The next week the CALEDONIAN also published the act, with an article defending this provision of the bill in relation to a tax for erecting the buildings. At the same time petitions were put in circulated in most of the towns in the county in favor of the bill, and largely signed instead of any attempt at secrecy, every thing